

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



A NOVEL KIND OF CARRIAGE.

## A WEEK IN AUSTRIAN TYROL.

On the 29th of July, my sister S. and I, and another lady friend, left Munich by railway for Innsbruck; and on entering Austria we looked about for some definite mark by which to realize that we were in a country entirely new to us. The only novelties, however, were being offered coffee in wine-glasses, at the station at Kuffstein, and the sudden change of money there, which is very puzzling at first, from the Austrian coins bearing the same names as the Bavarian, and yet being of different value. I have no doubt that the

ignorance of travellers is particularly profitable to the owners of the refreshment-rooms at this point, where payment is generally made in Bavarian, although reckoned in Austrian money. From Kuffstein the country becomes interesting; we gradually approached the mountains, and bade adieu to the flat plains, till at last we were winding our way through beautiful green valleys, with high peaks on each side, of every possible shape and form, and here and there a distant snow-peak looking dazzlingly white and brilliant. Then the river Inn came into view, and before long we found ourselves at Innsbruck, enjoying a comfortable tea at the "Goldener

Adler," a funny old-fashioned inn, very interesting, as connected with the romantic history of Hofer, but otherwise not recommendable. Innsbruck is beautifully situated; it lies in a basin surrounded by mountains, and suggests the idea of its having wished to hide itself from the bustle and turmoil of the world, and to stand apart, as it were, and be a mere spectator of what goes on in that great arena. But we have only to look into its history to see that the little town has had no such passive existence, but has been forced into publicity, and once, at least, must have been gazed at by the eyes of all Europe with the deepest interest.

We spent one wet gloomy day in Innsbruck, and began to tremble for our chances of seeing Tyrol to advantage, and to regret having lingered so long in German towns, expending sunshiny weather that might have been devoted to the fresh invigorating scenes of the Alps. Next morning, however, the sun rose bright and glorious, and our fears were dispersed with the misty garments which the mountains shook off: all looked *couleur de rose*; and, after being joined by a gentleman friend, making our number four instead of three, we hastily made all necessary arrangements, and started for the Oetz Thal or Valley. The arrangements I refer to were packing into the smallest possible compass what we considered necessities for a week's travel, and forwarding all superfluous bags and baggage to Salzburg, which we hoped to reach in that time. We had intended to travel by postwagen to Zirl, but found, to our satisfaction, that a party of four can always have a carriage to themselves for the same money, which was very agreeable, only, that being an accessory to the postwagen, that ponderous vehicle kept right in front of us, and gave us the benefit of the clouds of dust it stirred up in its leisurely progress.

The Inn Thal is a wide beautiful valley, with the road running along the banks of the river. On the right we passed the rock called Martinswand, where it is said the Emperor Maximilian narrowly escaped death. He was hunting a chamois, and, having missed his footing, he rolled to the very edge of the precipice, and hung over it, clinging with both hands to some tiny bushes, until rescued by a brave hunter named Gipps. The place is marked by a wooden cross. On the left our attention was drawn to a large monastery, planted in a quiet sunnyspot, with green hills as a background, and the river in front.

At a little village we changed horses, and partook of bad coffee, and then drove on to Zirl, where a disappointment awaited us. We had hoped to get another conveyance to take us to Oetz for the night, but, behold, no horses could be had; so, after holding a council, we courageously resolved to test our walking powers, and discover if they were equal to the "drei Stunden" (three hours), which was the only measurement of the distance we could obtain. The innkeeper's opinion was clearly in the negative; but we were suspicious enough to imagine that self-interest might possibly warp his judgment. At six o'clock, then, on a lovely summer evening, we started on our pedestrian experiment, a stalwart young Tyrolese carrying our bags and acting as guide.

The little town was soon left behind, and we seemed to have the country all to ourselves as far as the eye could reach; for, in the whole course of that long walk, not above three or four solitary peasants crossed our path, and greeted us with "Good evening." We beguiled the way with lively chat, and the first hour and a half passed quickly enough; but after that pauses in the conversation became much more frequent, and at last

the silence was only broken by a stray remark now and then on the scenery, as we plodded wearily on. And the scenery was charming, if we had not been too tired to enjoy it; we had turned into the Oetz Thal, narrow in comparison with the valley of the Inn, and the road, high up above a noisy mountain torrent, was shaded with trees that interrupted the fast dying light of day, and made us feel that presently we should be stumbling along in gloomy shadows. Darkness did indeed soon overtake us; and we made an experience that evening that will enable us in all future time to sympathize with benighted footsore travellers. The last half-hour seemed to lengthen itself out most amazingly, the guide always replying to our anxious inquiries, "Noch eine halbe Stunde" (Still half an hour); but even long walks come to an end sometimes; and never was bourn more welcome than the little Oetz inn, when we reached its friendly shelter and took possession of its hard couches, and astonished the worthy landlady by our demands upon her hospitality. Soon the board was spread with delicious fresh trout and smoking potatoes; then followed the pudding course, which a Tyrolese never dreams of omitting at any meal. And finally, about eleven o'clock, we three were conducted to a large low-roofed chamber, where five beds offered us quite a choice; and I suppose we made a good selection, for I know we slept soundly.

The next morning, which was the 1st of August, found us greatly refreshed; nevertheless, when J. J. proposed to procure a carriage of some kind, if at all practicable, unanimous consent was given; for pride in our boasted walking powers had been considerably checked by the previous day's experience. A small equipage was soon at the door, and after a little delay, occasioned by J. J.'s examination of the harness, etc. (which resulted in various defects being remedied by rope and string), we bade adieu to our kind hostess, who presented each of us with a bouquet from her garden, and we set forward on our journey. The road was very rough, and so narrow that, when we met two of the long peasant carts loaded with hay, we quite dreaded a catastrophe; however, the feat of passing them was very dexterously performed, and our driver seemed cool enough for the emergency if we were not; the jolting, too, of his vehicle was more to his mind than ours, for he urged on his horse whilst we trembled at the crack of his whip, which was invariably followed by the most novel and startling sensations, reminding one of the poem, "The Pauper's Burial:"

"Rattle his bones over the stones,  
'Tis only a pauper whom nobody owns."

G. much preferred walking, but S. and I kept our seats, and when the horses' pace was more moderate we thoroughly enjoyed the lovely scenery. The Oetz Thal is fifty miles long, and every part of it presents some new feature. Sometimes we were high above the foaming Oetz stream, and in danger of becoming giddy looking over the precipice at the sparkling water; then again we were down on its banks, and almost deafened by its roar; for the road crosses and recrosses it at many points. Presently we were creeping round the base of a huge mountain, and, looking up, we were startled to find it right over our heads, and as if threatening to lose its balance and crush us in its mighty fall; but, on emerging from the narrow gorge, behold, a green basin lay before us, with smiling fields of flax and Indian corn, and the village of Umhausen in the centre, with its pretty church and red spire, and also its inn, a welcome sight to us, for mountain air and driving are decidedly conducive to appetite.

The young host and his sister, their father, an old man, and the "kellnerin" (waitress) received us with great apparent interest, and were soon all four busily engaged in catechising us—where we came from and where we were going to; what our object was in coming so far, etc., etc. We were highly amused at Tyrolean curiosity; but, when we found that for six years no Englishman had been seen in that valley, it seemed only natural that we should be regarded in the light of *rare aves* and treated accordingly. Indeed, we became so reconciled to this sort of notoriety, that, after a week's enjoyment of it, it seemed strange and unpleasant to find, in travelling elsewhere, that our appearance excited no special interest or observation. My spectacles did me good service in this respect: they were a strong mark of distinction. On one occasion I was asked most abruptly how old I was; for, added my questioner, "I'm fifty, and I don't wear spectacles." I suppose short sight is unknown amongst them, and even German ladies afflicted in that way seem to use only eye-glasses and not spectacles. We were strongly urged to visit the Unhausen waterfall, but, finding it to be a mile from the inn, we preferred to rest and dine, leaving it to be seen on our return. After dinner our new friends packed us into our carriage, and dismissed us with the usual parting salutation, a "Glückliche Reise." We pursued our way, winding up the valley amidst new wonders, until again it opened into a small fertile plain, and the village of Lengenfeld invited us to refresh. Here our carriage was examined, and pronounced too broad for the road, which becomes still narrower from this point; so it had to be renounced, and a peasant's cart substituted—a very long, narrow vehicle with no springs, and a wonderful crack down the middle, that seemed to our inexperienced eyes to make our personal safety problematical, so that the jolting and pounding process was more severe than before. However, it was not long before darkness hid the disturbing crack, and all minor sensations were soon lost in the sublime solemnity of travelling onwards in the quiet stillness of that lovely valley, shut in from all eyes but those of the little stars that sparkled in the distant heavens.

It was late when we reached Sölden, and we were glad to find ample accommodation for the night, which we took advantage of without much delay. The inn is close to the river Oetz; and to us, accustomed to have our slumber disturbed only by town noises (such as the rattling of cabs, etc.), it was strangely new to hear that continuous sound of rushing water, and to be conscious of it the whole night, mingling with and controlling our dreams. Sabbath bells awoke us as early as six o'clock, for the fresh morning hours are given to their devotion by Roman Catholics, and not on Sundays alone, but on week days also. Rain was falling; so we kept quietly within doors, in fulfilment of our promise made the night before, to wait patiently for breakfast until the whole household had returned from church. When breakfast came, we regretted having had no morning walk to sharpen our appetites; for now it must be confessed that Sölden boasted no British luxuries, and the absence of these is sometimes felt a little trying by English ladies, however well disposed they think they are to rough it, and inclined in theory to laugh at false refinements. At home we should scorn the idea that our comfort hinges in any degree upon our breakfast china, and yet a single coffee cup amongst us that morning would have been reckoned a treasure; and, if the wine-glasses did not improve the taste of the coffee, still less did we relish the strong-smelling anise-seed in the very stale bread. No

butter could be had, and no trout so high up the valley; only sausages, in which onions seemed to us to form the principal ingredient.

J. J. became alarmed at the prospect of a day's fasting by way of preparation for further travel; so he determined to explore the kitchen and make friends with the cook. Presently he returned to us in some dismay; fresh meat was expected in perhaps a couple of days; meanwhile, a marmot was fortunately in the house; last year's potatoes were all done, and the new ones not yet fit to eat; but he had persuaded the cook to sacrifice a small, poor-looking chicken that was picking up crumbs at the door; so that and the marmot would form our bill of fare for the day; and he thought, if we ourselves could cook some rice in simple fashion, without onions or oil, it would be more palatable than the seedy bread, etc. We had a little service in our own room, only disturbed by the hum of voices below our window, where the peasants (their worship over for the day) were busily engaged in playing bowls on the grass, our driver amongst them, who expressed much surprise at our determination to remain at Sölden till next morning, but had announced his intention of remaining also, and accompanying us to the head of the valley as our *träger*, or carrier. The peasant cart, we were aware, could go no further, but we had hoped to take the horse the whole way, and ride it by turns; but, to our surprise, we were assured by the landlord and others that it was impossible: the foot-path was not fit for horses, etc.; and we yielded to their advice, which arose, however, entirely from ignorance. In Switzerland I have ridden in much worse paths than those of the Oetz Thal, and I should recommend any lady following in our footsteps to take a horse the whole way.

My reader, perhaps, never dined upon a marmot, and I cannot say I desire much to do so again. It is a creature of the rat species, with a very tough skin and a gamy flavour; however, we made a meal of it with the aid of the rice, G.'s skill in the cooking of which greatly amused and interested the male members of the household, who hung about the kitchen door, and would not absent themselves. The weather had been gradually clearing, and after dinner it was quite bright and warm, which soon drew us all out of doors. It made me sad, however, to look at the little church perched upon a hill overlooking the village, and to think how man's superstition is permitted to darken those beautiful regions. I had already seen much to admire in the character of the Tyrolese; the absence of all excitement in their simple lives (for few of them had ever travelled as far as to Innsbruck); their childlike faith in their priest, and implicit obedience to his commands (for instance, they never danced in that valley, because the priests had agreed to forbid it); and, above all, the evident earnestness with which they perform their religious duties as they think them; alas! but shreds and patches of mere form. Yes, it does seem very sad that such simple, unsophisticated natures should be led only to weak and beggarly elements, and kept in bondage to them. But yet, how many in our own country, where gospel light is so full and clear, are just as satisfied with outward religion as these poor ignorant Tyrolese!

Tyrolean churchyards, viewed from a distance, appear like a thicket of bright-coloured wooden crosses; and so did the churchyard of Sölden; but a stranger wandering there, and weary with the monotony of cross after cross—for the only variety is in colour—finds in a sheltered, secluded corner, one single solitary English gravestone, telling a sad history. An English clergyman, travelling for pleasure with one companion, and



crossing one of the Oetz glaciers, fell into a deep crevasse, and was taken up a mangled corpse, to be carried to the little village and laid in that quiet nook; his grave wept over by simple peasants only, and that one companion, who returned alone to their distant country and friends, the bearer of bitter tidings. We returned to the house in the soft twilight, and spent a quiet evening, which will always be associated in my mind with the refreshing sounds of murmuring water.

Next morning we were up and ready to start at seven o'clock, J. J. having engaged a handsome, strong Tyrolese to be our guide as well as the "kutscher." Before descending, we had been puzzled by a loud hammering going on below our window, which proved to be these two men, carrying out a bright idea of J. J.'s for our greater comfort in travelling—viz., the formation of a *chaise à porteurs*. Neither of them had ever seen such a thing before, but they obeyed J. J.'s directions; and soon an old wooden box was deprived of one of its sides and swung upon two long poles, then it was covered with a blanket, and, finally, a little piece of rope was nailed across to serve as footstool. Great was the amusement and satisfaction of the rustic carpenters when they found themselves carrying a lady, as the cavalcade moved off from Sölden. This triumph of skill, however, I am obliged to relate, was ignominiously abandoned at the very next station, for the following reason. Our kutscher was an inveterate smoker, never for a moment parting from his long heavy pipe; now, with both hands engaged, this occupation of his was, to say the least, inconvenient; and, on one occasion, when his hold was about to give way, he preferred risking his other burden rather than his precious pipe, which accordingly he rescued, at the expense of the chaise and its occupant, who did not relish her very sudden downfall, and could not be persuaded to mount again.

The footpath (for the road was now nothing more) led along deep precipices and through narrow defiles; sometimes we were down at the bottom of the gorge, walking on rough stones; then, after a steep ascent, we were on a grassy sheep-walk, high up on the sloping sides of a mountain, the mists slowly ascending, and the river in its narrow bed dancing and throwing up its foam to meet the morning light, which made it sparkle and shine in variegated colours. A traveller among the Alps should never lose the early morning hours, and indeed we could not afford to do so, for three hours' hard walking in the intense heat of the day was not practicable for us. Our guide soon startled us by the information that at Heilige Kreutz, our first halting-place, there was no inn, but we should find comfortable quarters at the house of the pfarrer, or priest. We were a little disturbed at the prospect of storming a private household, but we have since heard that in all parts of Tyrol, where travellers are so few in number, the pfarrer invariably receives them, and adds in that way to his miserable income. As we approached Heilige Kreuz, the pfarrer, in his long coat and with uncovered head, came out to meet and welcome us; and soon we were in possession of his one sitting-room. His old servant was directed to produce the best fare his house contained, and he himself helped her to cover the table with bread (a degree less stale than at Sölden), butter, cheese, and tough ham; then he suddenly thought of honey, and, finally, he stood by the table talking with us during the meal. He was an interesting, agreeable man, and we asked many questions about his solitary life. He told us that in his parish, or rather village, there had not been a single death for three years and a half, and

sickness is scarcely known amongst them. He had a few books, but not many; and even his garden could scarcely afford him much occupation, for no fruit (not even apples) will grow there. We spent a pleasant afternoon, and when the heat of the day was over, and we again set forward on our journey, we were glad to say only *au revoir* to our new friend.

And now we had traversed the fifty miles of the Oetz Thal, and we soon turned into the valley of Fend, where dazzling snow mountains were in view, though still distant; and the keen sharp air made us conscious of proximity to ice. All day we had been charmed by the beautiful flowers that strewed our path; but in Fend Valley especially the dear familiar "forget-me-not" attracted us, for it seemed an old friend in new attire, so much larger and brighter than British soil ever produces. We would have lingered had not the setting of the sun acted as a stimulus to hasten our steps; for it would not do to be benighted in that narrow valley. However, darkness was just threatening, when the little cluster of wooden *châlets* called Vend was reached; and great was the surprise of the pfarrer when so large a party of strangers invaded his sequestered abode. A little confusion and excitement prevailed, but a supper of stewed veal and eggs, also excellent wine, was served, the host assisting, and comfortable beds were also to be had. We found a German, whom we had previously seen at Sölden, waiting for us at Vend; he and J. J. having arranged to cross the glaciers together, whilst we were to retrace our steps to the Inn Thal, and J. J. would rejoin us there, taking a different route. The two gentlemen had to secure a guide, and make some provision for refreshment by the way; after which we bade them good-bye and retired for the night, as their start or *aufbrechen*, as the Germans call it, was to take place at the early hour of four in the morning. Of course their expedition was to be given up if the weather proved unfavourable; so that we were delighted when we awoke to hear that they were gone, not on their account only, but also on our own, for to have returned to Sölden by that narrow footpath, made slippery by rain, would have required a considerable amount of courage. The weather, however, was brilliant, and we hastened breakfast, not to lose any time in feasting our eyes on the glorious spectacle which we knew was close at hand. Up by the little dancing stream our guide conducted us, through a wood always upwards, past thickets of Alpine rose (the wild rhododendron), then up the slope of a green hill, dotted with the star gentian of brightest blue, till at last we stood upon a platform and gazed around. A solid field of ice lay below us, and, towering above it, peak after peak of a dazzling whiteness, one overtopping another into the far distance; the blue sky overhead, and the intense greenness of the hill on which we stood, all made a spectacle which, once seen, it is impossible to forget.

This view is certainly one of the finest in Tyrol, and we felt that it alone amply repaid us for our long and toilsome journey. Still we could not but regret that to cross the "Nieder Joch," or the "Hoch Joch," to Meran, is not made practicable for ladies; for I believe it could be done, if only horses were to be had to convey them to the edge of the glacier. The grandness of the view from the centre of the glacier is something wonderful. Wherever the eye turns it embraces nothing but snow and ice; but this we had to content ourselves with only hearing described. After gazing for a couple of hours at the Wildspitze, etc., etc., we returned to the pfarrer's house and dined; then, bidding him adieu, but accompanied by our two guides, we retraced our steps to Heilige

Kreuz at a much more rapid pace than when we were going in the opposite direction, for our pedestrian powers had very greatly improved by exercise and the exhilarating Alpine air.

Scarcely a single peasant did we meet, although herds of cows could be heard far above us, with their tinkling bells; but it seems so different in that respect from our own country, where cottages are set down here and there, and it is scarcely possible to travel three hours without passing a homestead. In Tyrol there are no detached and isolated houses on any of the roads. All the Tyrolese live in villages in the winter, and the little wooden sheds occupied by the "senners," or "sennarius" (those who tend the cows), in summer are so high up that travellers only see them as specks in the distance.

I have not yet mentioned one very striking feature of the Oetz Thal—the numerous "denkmals," which give a melancholy interest to many parts of the route. They are stakes fastened in the ground, and supporting wretched pictures, which represent some accident that has happened at the spot, such as a man drowning, or even an avalanche overwhelming a whole village. The Virgin Mary in clouds hovers over the unfortunates, and beneath an appeal is made to all passengers to pray for their souls. At Heilige Kreuz the pfarrer received us with a most fatherly welcome; he accompanied us to the kitchen, and assisted in the ceremony of boiling water for tea, and again resigned his own sitting-room for our use. We were quite sorry to bid farewell when (next morning) we started for Sölden, after a breakfast consisting of two hard-boiled eggs each, and a glass of coffee. The pfarrer's butter was excellent, but unfortunately his black bread was uneatable, and we had exhausted his stock of white bread the day before; nevertheless, we were very happy to do what was evidently expected of us—viz., write in the travellers' book some complimentary allusion to the host's hospitality; for I am sure the good man did, his utmost to secure our comfort. Of course one does not offer to pay a reverend father; but the bill is settled in as private a manner as possible with the servant.

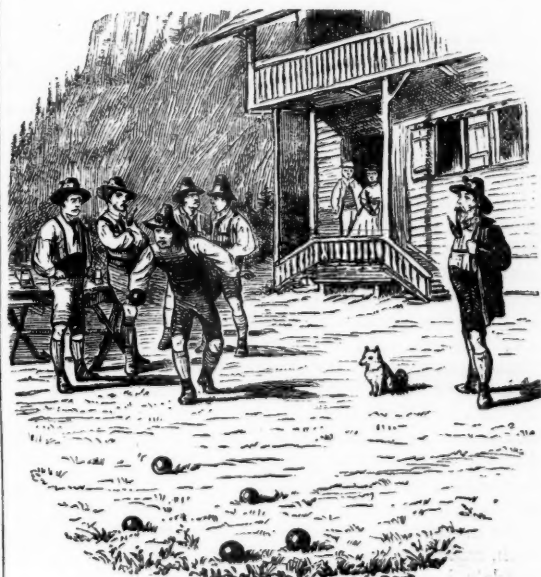
As we descended from Heilige Kreuz we met troops of peasants ascending the hill to morning service (for the village lies below the church), and some of them wore the most comical hats of badger skin, which made them look like Tartars. We stopped and examined them, to the great amazement of the wearers, who were equally attracted by our attire; for their black eyes danced and sparkled as they scrutinized us all over. A love of ornament seems to characterize the Tyrolese: they wear broad silver necklaces, rings, and ear-rings, and their hats are generally embellished by a bouquet of artificial flowers, or a small bunch of the real "noble white"—a curious plant, with petals like thick flannel, which is only to be found in very high latitudes. In two hours we were at Sölden; and, after greeting all our old friends there, and partaking of a hasty dinner at the primitive hour of ten o'clock a.m., we dismissed our guide, and, mounting our rustic conveyance, the "Bauer Wagen," we slowly pursued our way down the valley to Lengenfeld, where we had determined to spend the night.

Next morning we were quite ready for departure at seven a.m., but delayed a little to witness some part of a funeral ceremony. One could not fail to perceive, by the general stir and excitement, that death is not there an every-day occurrence. Every female in the village, with the one exception of the inn-servants, was prepared, in full holiday costume (and very picturesque

it looked), to take her part in the procession. The men never assist on these occasions, their time being considered too valuable; nevertheless, it was a solemn and imposing sight, when upwards of a hundred women walked slowly towards the church, the coffin carried in the centre, covered by a black and yellow pall, and closely followed by two priests in their long vestments. We left them to perform their sad duty, whilst we journeyed on to Umhausen, and from there visited the waterfall, which delighted us exceedingly. It is half an hour's walk from the inn, and not difficult to reach; but the best view of it is from a height only to be attained by scrambling up a footpath more fit for goats than men. A little peasant-girl lending me some assistance, I reached the desired point, and, turning round, half giddy with the ascent, and deafened by the roar, I gazed down upon two seething caldrons; for the water falls with terrific noise into two large basins, and sends up misty clouds of sparkling white foam. We dined that day at Oetz, and drove on in the evening to Silz, in the valley of the inn; and the next day, the 7th of August, found us once more at Innsbruck, surrounded by railways, stell-wagens, and all the more civilized, but common-place modes of travelling.

Let me recommend my fellow-countrywomen, who leave busy England for a six weeks' holiday, to deviate a little from the common routes, and not to be deterred by the inconveniences they must encounter; for these are amply repaid by the advantages derived. Instead of hotels overflowing with English, and companions whose whole interests lie in Britain, and who can talk of nothing else, one mixes with a different race, and sees something of a peaceful primitive life, so wholly new, that it not only interests at the time, but is laid up in memory's ample store-houses, to return and bring refreshment whenever the mind is overtaken by the high pressure of our own civilization.

I may also remark that in those by-ways the inn charges, as well as inn accommodation, are primitive; for our entire expenses never exceeded eight shillings or nine shillings each per day during our pleasant week spent in the Oetz Thal.



SCENE IN TYROL.

## THE MAIN CHANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CEDAR CREEK," "THE FERROL FAMILY," ETC.

## CHAPTER XIV.—MATE.

MR. LOMBARD had never exchanged a word with Pen since those important words at the bow window of his drawing-room in Castle Lough. He used sometimes—on the rare occasions when he found himself in that superb apartment—to go to the spot, and stand, and look out upon the view which she had looked upon, and repeat over to himself softly the word that she had repeated—"Impossible! you ask what is impossible!" It did not discourage him. He knew what powerful leverage he had in the mother's love of wealth and grandeur. He was satisfied to leave the question in abeyance. He had written so to Pen's father, when that gentleman answered his letter by stating that his daughter seemed fully resolved in her negative. Mr. Lombard had again (figuratively) laid himself and his possessions at her feet, and begged to be allowed a probation of some months—till the new year. By Mrs. Sarsfield's influence, this letter had not been answered as Pen wished it answered; and so the matter lay.

Mrs. Sarsfield set her heart on the rich marriage. There was something which very much pleased her in the idea of her daughter succeeding to a renovated and glorified Castle Lough. It was like a charming family arrangement—merely an abdication of the throne in favour of her darling child. Never had the descendant of the Boisragon who had gloriously robbed the Saxons under William of Normandy, and the other Boisragon who had robbed the Celts with equal glory under Strongbow, seen the pretensions of long lineage as so trifling, and altogether unworthy of consideration, as did Mrs. Sarsfield now. "After all, my dear, though blood is something, it is not everything," she would sagely say. "It will not pay the rent, nor the baker—unless, indeed, it helps one to such a fine situation under government as my cousin Wyvern has got for his youngest son. Of course that is a totally different thing; and young ladies can't get appointments, unfortunately, and government can't get on without a proper infusion of blood, to give tone, and all that"—which was Mrs. Sarsfield's honest belief.

This mother did not actually tell her daughter, in so many words, that it was well to make merchandise of her lineage and herself for the sake of the great dowry which Mr. Lombard had to give, but the matter was insinuated often enough. The sordid, narrow life that they all lived in the cottage outside Douglas was pressed home upon her many a time. And Pen had a disposition for largeness and splendour of circumstance: she would have enjoyed wealth and its appurtenances. Gradually the temptation began to enter her tried and disappointed heart. Her brother Paul heard, and took care to tell, how his friend, Arthur Gauntlett, was likely to marry a countess widow, with a big jointure, and nearly twice his age. He would sink into the place of gentleman equerry to an imperious woman, who would trot him about to Continental spas. "The Countess of Pwlheli and Hon. Mr. Gauntlett and suite have arrived at Carlsbad," would appear in the fashionable intelligence. For this post the young man was striving, in hope that it would combine the privileges of pursebearer. But about that he might have learned somewhat from the elder brother, who had married the descendant of Macbeth, and added to his patronymic her name of M'Corquodale, by reason of her Gaelic estates.

Mrs. Sarsfield thought it now the most fortunate thing that that young man had not "come to the point!"

It could have been nothing but poverty for her darling child. Everybody knew how shockingly involved were the estates of Lord Gauntlett, his father. And the young man had expensive tastes, etc. "The most fortunate thing in the world, Paul," she would say to her husband. "And you know we shall bring Pen round in time. Mr. Lombard's long-tried devotion, his magnificent offer, must have effect on any heart that was not a stone." Pen's father would shake his head, and reply that he had great doubts about it: he wished her decision left perfectly free. Once he declared that he thought the match unsuitable, by disparity of years and dissimilarity of tastes, which made his wife so shrill, and affected her nerves so much, that he ventured no more on such assertions.

Yet gradually into poor Pen's tried and disappointed heart the temptation was sinking. Mr. Lombard had never said a word about loving her, and she rather liked that silence as honest. He had only offered her a very fine establishment. A rude bargain and sale was it to be? When she began to think of the duty of loving him in return, she found the promise impossible without falsehood. She was not yet prepared to deceive herself into calling admiration for a man's property by the sacred name of love, involving honour and obedience.

No letter came from him at the new year. Some instinct kept him clear of an act which might have drawn down a stronger negative than ever. Pen's mother began to be frightened lest the prize should slip; and, to say truth, she managed to make home very comfortless to her high-spirited daughter for the ensuing spring. On wild, wet days, when stagnation settled over the house, and Mrs. Sarsfield's nerves were so bad (generally) that Bertie had to be shut into his father's den (with the papers and old boots) to wear off his boy-restlessness among the decrepit furniture, where that patient father commonly kept him company, and read one of his ancient folios with spectacles on nose—on such days Pen's mother was wont to be despondent, and to mourn over past glories and present poverty, and thus lay tacit siege to her daughter. Perhaps she did not actually say, "You can raise your whole family by this marriage," but Pen understood well the drift of all.

Sometimes the temptation came in the garb of an angel of light, as our temptations will; and it seemed to be a sort of duty to provide for herself in this way, and to relieve her father's mind of at least one care. And what could not Mr. Lombard's great wealth do for Paul and for Bertie? Would this rich marriage indeed benefit her whole family? Was not her conduct selfish, in such case, instead of upright?

And what was her brother Paul's conduct, in thus living on the traditions of former possessions, and the chance of a future legacy, and meanwhile embarrassing his poor parents by payments for his meat, and drink, and tailors' bills? He was a young gentleman of high spirit, undoubtedly. Therefore it was not to be borne that he should earn his bread in any ordinary way, open to men who deem work honourable. They, in the cottage outside Douglas, were spinning out existence on a sum yearly which a considerable merchant would clear by the transactions of a day. But a Sarsfield sully his hand with merchandise! Rather pinch, and scrape, and turn old clothes, and commit the dishonour of debt, wherever possible, and let conventional trammels shackle every movement, and a false respectability darken all life with poverty. Paul Sarsfield was a first-rate horseman and judge of horseflesh, without a beast to ride, and a splendid shot, while the very powder was more than his poor father could afford to pay for. And the same



number of fingers were on his well-formed, idle hands that were on anybody else's, and the same number of hours were in his day of *ennui* as in a contemporary's day of successful and lucrative labour. But that he should do anything unbecoming a gentleman, that he should pay his own way with money earned by his own self, was a descent not to be dreamed of. And, besides, was there not the brilliant possibility that he might be Miss Leonora Sarsfield's heir?

This senseless prejudice against trade is not confined to Paul Sarsfield; he only had been brought up in the narrow ideas of the large class who term themselves genteel. They worship money just as much as any other; it is an "Open, sesame," into their strictest coteries. The power of the purse finds no exception among them; but they like gold in the lump, not in the grain.

I must do justice to Mr. Sarsfield the elder, by saying that out of such prejudice in favour of idle gentility he had greatly grown in his latter years. He did not care for the position of his children in the society which their mother thought everything.

About Easter time, when the pulses of all nature felt the glad impulse of the spring, and violets looked forth from sunny nooks, Pen was one morning writing in her own room, when her father came in. A means by which she sought to do what was right, as also to stave off the wandering thoughts of vacant hours, which give so much pain, was a rigid division of her time, and a rigid employment of the same. German (without a probability of ever using it) became familiar to her, and she found a reward in the richness and suggestiveness of the language itself. She was at some of its exercises now.

She saw in her father's face that he had a communication to make more than ordinary, and quickly divined its nature when he drew a folded letter from his pocket. "I have received this from Mr. Lombard," he said, "and wished you to read it for yourself." He sat down to wait, looking out on the little flower garden and the long field beyond, which seemed to stretch away as far as the spurs of Barrule and Greebaw mountains.

Pen gave it back after a minute or two in silence. It had said that its writer was coming over to the Isle of Man, unless forbidden. There was no mistaking the meaning of the permission he sought: permission to urge his suit in person.

The father opened his arms for his child when he saw how white her face grew suddenly. Pen leaned her head on that faithful breast as she said that he might come, and afterwards smiled through her tears to reassure her father's heart that it was all right. He talked a good deal to her, and explained how marriage should proceed from no motive but love or affectionate esteem; but she was evidently declaring a preconceived determination of her own, and still adhered to her first words. And he went away to write to his future son-in-law, not quite understanding Pen's mood; and she went by-and-by to the drawing-room, when she had smoothed her hair and otherwise composed herself, to be received with a rapturous embrace by her loving mother, who said she had known always what a dear good girl was Pen, and how happy she would be made by accepting Mr. Lombard's magnificent offer.

#### CHAPTER XV.—PROFIT AND LOSS.

MR. CHIPPEN was breaking. It was a common remark in Little Primrose Street, but had reference to his health, not to the state of his affairs. The old man was more bent, and more wrinkled, and said more on the subject of his poverty than ever. His aged mouth

mumbled more than ever, and he was no longer able to carry in and out the table with his ticketed specimens of cheap literature. "Your choice for sixpence" was stuck upside down in the cleft stick by illiterate Duster, and seemed to produce quite as much impression on the buying public as when it was all right. Still the old man hobbled out of mornings, and looked up and down the street with his bleared eyes, and made a feint of wiping the panes within which lay the calf bindings for which nobody ever inquired; still he sat on the stool behind his till for the long hours of the day, reckoning over the coppers and small silver as each trifling addition was made by some chance customer, and often making mistakes in his account, and snarling occasionally as he observed the great human tide sweeping by regardless of his time-honoured establishment.

At last there came a day when one of those chance customers entering found the old man fallen forward on the counter as if asleep; and when he could not be roused with a word, or a shout, or a touch, the customer sang out "Halloa! something the matter here!" in a voice which brought Mrs. Lombard running in with a scared face. And they lifted him up, and somebody went for the doctor, who lived under a red lamp (like a danger signal) twenty doors away, and the doctor had the helpless mass removed to the inner room, and said it was paralysis.

Then what an interesting enigma for the neighbourhood was the matter of the miser's life or death! what an enigma, much more interesting, was the question of how much money he might leave! Being unrefined neighbours, they were ignorant of the elegant application of the term "cut up." Buffin, the buttermilk man, never asked Greasegrind, the chandler, how he thought Chippen would "cut up." They left that term to the educated of clubs and drawing-rooms. But they were none the less curious on the subject, and speculated about it over their scales. The old story of finding bank-notes in his books was revived with considerable effect, and likewise the story that he was perfectly penniless under pretence of miserhood. A poor woman, who kept a meagre stationer's shop (eked out with lodgers and a little haberdashery of threads and laces) some way down at the opposite side of the street, could not avoid a brightening of prospect as she heard of Chippen's disability, and planned to add primers and volumes of light literature to her stock; afterwards, being conscientious, she hated herself for the sensation and the scheme.

But Mr. Chippen did not "cut up" just yet. He recovered in a measure, and the poor old face regained its equilibrium of feature somewhat; and his first consciousness was to look from his bed for the old padlocked trunk where his treasure and his heart were. It was some time before he could make his sister understand that he wanted its key; only to hide it with trembling hands under his bolster, however, after Mrs. Lombard had assured him solemnly that she had not touched the money-box. He was easier then, and comforted himself oftentimes by feeling the hidden key in its warm nest.

Was he ever, during the slow convalescence that followed, tormented by the doubt that he must soon leave the treasure, however securely preserved? and, as it has been written concerning another, that somewhere in the ages of the coming eternity he might have to say, "I gained the world and lost my own soul!"

For the world is whatever a man values most, and sells himself for. This poor old stationer was perhaps the vulgarest type of miser, and his "world," that which

he had striven for and gained, perhaps some amount to be reckoned by hundreds of pounds. A mere nothing, says the richer man; but quite enough to wreck a soul, under certain conditions. And when news of the total loss of a gallant ship arrives, it signifies little whether it went to pieces on a coral shoal barely above the water, or at the foot of a line of cliffs a thousand feet high.

Let it not be supposed that we would fain set forth money as in itself the evil. Nay, as one has said, "Is not money what we make it? Dust in the miser's chests—canker in the proud man's heart—gold in the sunbeams—streams of blessing earned by a child's labour and comforting a parent's heart, or lovingly poured from rich men's hands into poor men's homes?" To which might have been added that it is also capable of transmutation into a poison which shall pervade the immortal spirit with a never-ceasing anguish of unsated and insatiable thirst.

As soon as the old man could leave his bed, and sit up for a while by the fireside daily, he insisted, by signs, in help of his imperfect articulation, that the padlocked trunk should be so arranged as to make a seat for him. He was quite serenely happy when this was done, and could scarcely be got to bed again, because he had not such a good view of the treasure as before.

And thus enthroned the minister of Ebenezer Chapel found him, when he was admitted to the old man's room. A meagre, miserable chamber, devoid of almost every comfort; and Mr. Chippen's quivering hands were chiefly spent in exertions to keep the fire low. His sister had made the singular seat he chose as restful as she could with pillows, and the foot of his bed supported the back. In the arm-chair that he had refused sat a tall dark gentleman, whom Mrs. Lombard introduced as her son. And, to say truth, the good lady was not pleased with the minister's visit just now. "Ralph will make off," she said to herself. "He never can abear strangers, more especially clergy."

But Ralph was in some unusually still mood to-day, for he showed no sign of withdrawal, even when the minister drew out his well-worn Bible and began to read. His task of talking to the poor old paralytic, and trying to make him understand the gospel message, was none the easier because of the other silent listener, whose steadfast and somewhat stern face was not encouraging. He prayed to his God secretly that some word might be given him, like a random arrow piercing the joints of harness, for this soul also, whose spiritual condition he knew not. And after he had read the story of the young man whose wealth was the sole impediment to his following Christ, the stranger spoke.

"Sir, I have often wished to ask some of the gentlemen of your cloth to explain certain anomalies in the conduct and character of people who profess much religion which puzzle those who, like myself, profess little."

The minister of Ebenezer Chapel protested against the faults of Christians being made any standard whereby to judge their faith.

"But I go to church," said Mr. Lombard, "and I hear, as I heard only last Sunday in Douglas, the verse quoted—'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Now I want to know which of all your model Christians believes this? As far as I can see they carefully avoid being blessed in this way. Else why such constant appeals for money for good objects? and why do subscription lists so perpetually come to me, who make no pretension to be better than the rest of the world?"

"You cannot see the anomaly more strongly than I do," answered the minister; "and I believe that the

proper inquiry for a Christian to make respecting his Lord's cause is not, 'What ought I to give?' but rather, 'What ought I to keep?' He belongs body and soul to Jesus Christ: all that is his has, properly speaking, become his Saviour's; while, in exchange, he obtains heavenly possessions, with present pardon and peace. Ah, sir, it is a glorious thing to feel oneself entitled to the heirship of heaven!"

His face beamed with such gladness as I do not think Mr. Lombard's wealth had ever called forth upon his, even in its most triumphant hour. And the rich man thought, "He is poor, else he would not talk so lavishly of giving; and an enthusiast, or he would not have this joy so contrary to nature, so incomprehensible."

"Then," said Mr. Lombard, "the greater is the contradiction of your caring in the least for money or money's worth; and a rich Christian ought to be ashamed of himself. But I don't see it."

"It certainly is anomalous," said the good minister, "that we are unduly anxious about this world's profit and loss, which will be all loss some day."

"Profit and loss!" repeated the paralytic man, in his broken way. And, because he required loud tones for his failing hearing, he wanted to know what they were saying about it, and looked to Ralph for explanation—Ralph, from whom he could scarcely remove his admiring, fatuous gaze; for was he not a rich man—rich beyond Mr. Chippen's utmost dreams?

"Ay, sir," interposed the minister, boldly, "tell him that strictly mercantile text which strikes the balance between them: 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'"

And Mr. Lombard felt that the mercantile text was intended just as much for him as for the sick man. It was rather a liberty to take with a person of his pretensions, and he looked his sense of the same; but the minister of Ebenezer Chapel had not sought for his approbation, having a higher Master to serve than the opinion of any man. Nay, he had the daring to drive the nail home by one or two subsequent remarks of prayerful fervour. His manners had not been formed in the suave school of indifferencism which can let men go down to death without a warning for fear of a solecism in politeness; and, though his accent was not the best, his words were instinct with some force which did move Mr. Lombard. He went with the obscure minister in his shabby coat as far as the hall-door, and shook hands with him warmly, and thanked him.

#### WANDERINGS IN CENTRAL ASIA.\*

EUROPEAN travellers in all ages have generally declared the motives that prompted them to leave the comfort and security of a civilized home to encounter the privations and dangers that beset adventurers into barbarous or unknown regions. Humboldt, the prince of travellers, was prompted by the practical study of the physical sciences; Mungo Park, and a host of others, for the fame of geographical discovery. The missionary braves climate and death for the propagation of religion; the merchant follows commerce through every habitable region; while many others travel for the charms of novelty to be found in foreign countries. In this age of travel, when our library-shelves are crowded with the volumes of every class of travellers,

\* Travels in Central Asia. By Arminius Vambéry. Murray.



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VAMBÉRY IN HIS DERVISH DRESS.

(From a photograph.)

we find one who, from the pure impulse of studying Eastern languages, voluntarily becomes a travelling mendicant, with all its disagreeables of uncleanness and bad food, through the semi-barbarous states of Turkestan, Bokhara, Afghanistan, and Persia. This practical student of philology is Arminius Vambéry, a Hungarian, and a fellow-countryman of the renowned patriot Kossuth. These Magyars seem to have a natural genius for acquiring languages, for we learn that Kossuth taught himself English by reading Shakespeare during the short time he took up his asylum in Turkey, and he afterwards astonished us with his eloquence in our own mother-tongue. So we find that

Yours truly  
Ar. Vambéry

Vambéry acquired a perfect knowledge of the Turkish and Tartar languages, which enabled him to travel through Central Asia, and converse with every class of people he met, without being suspected as a European, excepting on one or two occasions. His descriptive powers may be gathered from a perusal of his interesting narrative, which will compare favourably with many books of travels written by Englishmen having greater pretensions. Though a foreigner, he places his volume before a critical public, and, with a kind of naive simplicity, gives the reader an autobiographical sketch of himself as follows:—

"I was born in Hungary, in 1832, in the small town of Duna Szerdahely, situated on one of the largest islands in the Danube. Impelled by a particular inclination to linguistic science, I had in early youth occupied myself with several languages of Europe and Asia. The various stores of Oriental and Western literature were, in the first instance, the object of my eager study. At a later period I began to interest myself in the reciprocal relations of the languages themselves; and here it is not surprising if I, in applying the proverb 'Nosce teipsum' (Know thyself), directed my principal attention to the affinities and to the origin of my own mother-tongue. That the Hungarian language belongs to the stock called the Altaic\* is well known; but whether it is to be referred to the Finnish or the Tartaric branch is a question that still awaits decision."

Our author then states in a foot-note that an erroneous opinion prevails that the Hungarians go to Asia for the purpose of seeking any descendants of their race left behind in the tenth century when they invaded Europe, and permanently settled in Hungary and Transylvania. "Such an object," he remarks, "the carrying out of which, both from ethnographical as well as philological reasons, would be an impossibility, would render a man amenable to the charge of gross ignorance. We are desirous of knowing the etymological construction of our language, and therefore seek exact information from cognate idioms." With a smile we take off our hat to this representative of such a learned community, and would advise our countrymen presuming to be classic scholars to brush up their knowledge of dead and living languages on visiting Buda and Pesth, where Latin is frequently the medium of conversation between natives and foreigners, when attempts at living languages or dialects fail.

Arminius Vambéry then informs us that "This inquiry, interesting to us Hungarians both in a scientific and a national point of view, was the principal and the moving cause of my journey to the East. I was desirous of ascertaining, by the practical study of the living languages, the positive degree of affinity which had at once struck me as existing between the Hungarian and the Turco-Tartaric dialect when contemplating them by the feeble light which theory supplied. I went first to Constantinople. Several years' residence in Turkish houses, and frequent visits to Islamite schools and libraries, soon transformed me into a Turk—nay, into an Efendi.† The progress of my linguistic researches impelled me further towards the remote East; and, when I proposed to carry out my views by actually undertaking a journey to Central Asia, I found it advisable to retain this character of Efendi, and to visit the East as an Oriental."

Not only did M. Vambéry carry out this part of his

project, by assuming externally the appearance of a son of Islam, but circumstances obliged him to act as one of the faithful followers of Mahomet, repeating prayers and benedictions from the Koran, until he became such an adept that he excelled the real *bonâ fide* dervishes who were his companions, returning from Mecca after their pilgrimage thither. How far M. Vambéry mentally acquiesced in these utterances of the Moslem creed he does not inform us. When he gave a short account of his journey at the Bath meeting of the British Association, his repetition of the Mohammedan blessing, which he pronounced as a dervish to the deluded Turkomans (for a consideration), was the most extraordinary fanatical howl ever heard in a Christian assembly, and showed that he was able, for his personal safety, to deceive these simple but savage people, who would not hesitate to slit his tongue or crop his ears had they discovered the deception. Be that as it may, most certainly it was the strangest style of travelling to ascertain the "etymological construction from cognate idioms" of a language that ever anybody could have conceived, and would be rejected by any sensational writer of fiction. Let us suppose, for example, the poorest hedge schoolmaster in Ireland travelling through the isles and over the mountains of Greece in search of the source from whence sprang the pure Milesian tongue, accompanied by a number of busy bog-trotters and beggars, dressed in the filthiest of rags, and we have a homely realization of this philological journey of Arminius Vambéry. No disparagement to him; but it shows what an enthusiastic scholar will suffer in the pursuit of his favourite study. Moreover, our traveller holds up the mirror of truth, to show what dirty despicable denizens dwell in these wretched regions of romantic stories.

It must not be supposed, however, that our author enters learnedly into the "etymological construction" of his native language, or furnishes a vocabulary of "cognate idioms" in this narrative of his journey. These philological researches, we are happy to learn, are reserved for a more learned circle than the English public; and we congratulate the *savans* that there are in store for them the principal fruits of his journey. Meanwhile we may glean some important and interesting facts concerning the present condition of these little-known regions in Central Asia from the graphic account before us.

The caravan of pilgrims with whom our traveller consorted entered Turkestan at an interesting point, where the extreme south-eastern boundary of the Russian dominions on the Caspian sea touches the shore of that country on the east, and Persia on the south. Here, on a narrow peninsula jutting into Astrabad Bay, the Russians have a fortified station, maintaining three armed steamers for the protection of their people and trade against the depredations of the cruisers belonging to Turkoman pirates. Starting from the Persian shore, leaving behind the picturesque province of Mazendran (on which Russia keeps a longing eye), the party crossed from Karatepe, where half the people are Afghans, to Ashourada, the Russian station, while the bell of a church was ringing to prayers on an Easter Sunday. From thence, in two days, they landed at Gomushtepe, a great city-camp of these nomad Turkomans. The author describes his first impressions and reception by these people. "This first picture of Central Asiatic life had so taken me by surprise, that I was puzzled whether I should first pause to admire the singular construction of the tents, formed of felt, and the women with their silk shifts extending to the ankles, or at once

\* That which is spoken in the mountain regions between the Russian and Chinese dominions in Central Asia.

† Signifying master, and subjected to the names of learned men and ecclesiastics in Turkey.

gratify the wish implied by their outstretched hands and arms. Strange! young and old, without distinction of sex or family, all wished to touch the Hadjis on whom the holy dust of Mecca and Medina still rested. Judge, too, of my amazement when women of the greatest beauty, some girls even, hurried up to embrace me." Such is the mode in which these people exhibit their feelings of religion and hospitality, as enjoined by their creed, so that they may participate in the merits and rewards of pilgrims.

These Turkomans are a strange compound of good and evil, in which vice and virtue become mixed up in the most heterogeneous manner; at one time exhibiting the greatest humanity in relieving the wants of the distressed stranger coming to their tents, at another exercising the most brutal tyranny on the hapless Persians who fall into their clutches during their predatory and piratical excursions. These prisoners are held in the most abject servitude, and loaded with chains day and night, until ransomed by their friends. Sometimes they capture Russian sailors and treat them in an equally barbarous manner. It would appear that the clans living on the shores of the Caspian live by these depredations, and that robbery and roguery are considered legitimate pursuits, especially when exercised against the people of the neighbouring nations. On the other hand, amongst themselves they exhibit the greatest affection and respect, and in their dealings with each other practise a degree of honesty and confidence that exceeds anything in Europe. As the caravan our author travelled with through the desert of Khiva had some traders as well as dervishes, the people on the route came to traffic or barter. Where these transactions were settled off-hand, there was nothing unusual in their mode of business; but they actually gave each other credit in the following manner:—"To-day our caravan was visited by crowds of the nomads dwelling on the spot. Some business was transacted, and bargains struck between the merchants and cattle-dealers of our caravan, and upon credit, too. They applied to me to draw up their cheques in writing. I was surprised to find that the debtor, instead of handing over his signature to tranquillize his creditor, put it into his own pocket; and this was the Turkoman way of arranging the whole business. When I questioned the creditor as to this remarkable manner of procedure, his answer was, 'What have I to do with the writing? The debtor must keep it by him as a reminder of his debt.'" How would such a mode of transacting business do in England, where the bill of exchange, or promissory note, should remain in the custody of the purchaser, who holds the live-stock or merchandise as well? We fear that litigation would be much greater than it is.

This desert journey was most fatiguing: especially to M. Vambéry, who is lame, and consequently endured more than a traveller strong and sound in limb. The more credit to him for overcoming the many obstacles in his journey, which many a traveller of greater physique would have succumbed to, or abandoned shortly after commenced. But his enthusiasm and pluck enabled him to treat lightly on the way what would have been troubles of magnitude when at rest. "Our march, as we were now every day more inured to its hardships, began to assume great regularity. We made usually every day three halts, each of an hour and a half or two hours: the first before sunrise, when we made our bread for the whole day; the second at noon, to give man and beast the indulgence of a little repose from the scorching heat; and the third before sunset, to devour our scanty supper, consisting of the oft-mentioned bread and

water, every drop of which we had to count. My friends, as well as the Turkomans, had with them supplies of sheep-fat. This they ate with their bread, and offered to me, but I was careful not to partake of it, from the conviction that nothing but the greatest moderation could diminish the torments of thirst, and harden one to endure fatigue. The district we were now travelling consisted of a firm clay bottom, only producing here and there a few wretched plants, and forming, for the most part, barren ground, in which crevices, like veins, extended beyond the reach of the eye, and offered the most variegated picture. And yet how this eternal sadness of plain, from which every trace of life is banished, wearies the traveller! and what an agreeable change he finds when, arriving at the station, he is permitted to rest a few minutes from the wave-like movements of the camel!"

In this desert the want of water was the greatest privation; the dirtiest puddle became the most welcome sight, and, if it were only sweet, it was more prized than the finest wine to the thirsty bibber. "Oh! water, dearest of all elements, why did I not earlier appreciate thy worth? Man uses thy blessings like a spendthrift! Yes, in my country man fears thee even; and now what would I not give could I only obtain thirty or twenty drops of thy divine moisture!" Thus does our author apostrophize this despised beverage in the desert; and again he expresses his disappointment on coming to a sacred well. "I soon perceived the well, which was like a brown puddle. I filled my hands; it was as if I had laid hold of ice. I raised the moisture to my lips. Oh! what a martyrdom! not a drop could I swallow—so bitter, so salt, so stinking, was the ice-cold draught. My despair knew no bounds: it was the first time that I really felt anxiety for the result." At last the famished and parched travellers heard the reverberations of thunder at a distance, and a few heavy drops of rain at midnight were the precursor of relief; the next day they found a clear pool of rain-water. "Su! su! (water! water!) shouted all for joy; and the mere sight, without wetting the lips, satisfied the craving and quieted our uneasiness. In half an hour everybody in a rapture was seated at his breakfast; it is quite impossible to convey an idea of the general delight. In the evening we reached a spot where spring reigned in all its glory. We encamped in the midst of countless little lakes, surrounded as it were by garlands of meadows; it seemed a dream when I compared it with the encampment of the previous day."

Through this desert region flows the river Oxus, from the furthest confines of British India, until it reaches the capital of Turkestan, not more than six hundred miles distant, and from thence flows into the Aral Sea, in the Russian dominions. The city of Khiva is not situated on the immediate bank of the river, for at this spot it overflows and fertilizes the adjacent country for some distance, like the Nile. This and other cities of Central Asia present a very wretched aspect in their streets and public buildings compared with anything in Europe, and are much inferior to the towns in Persia, Turkey, and other nations not so far east. Khiva is nothing else but a collection of three or four thousand mud-houses, with uneven and unwashed walls, standing about, without any fixed design, and surrounded by a mud-wall ten feet high, the whole place in clouds of dust during hot dry weather, and the streets ankle-deep in mud in the rainy season. Here, however, the Khan of Khiva holds despotic state, and rules his subjects with an iron hand, while every act of cruelty and tyranny is committed in the abused name of religion. At the



same time the place has its seminaries for the education of the better class of people, many of whom attain a high degree in Oriental learning, and by their exemplary conduct temper the wild disposition of their fellow-countrymen. How strange this love for learning amongst these otherwise barbarous nations!

This characteristic was strikingly exemplified in the city of Bokhara, capital of the khanat of that name, a place sadly notorious from the death of Stodart and Conolly, and the detention of Dr. Wolf and other Europeans, who were with difficulty ransomed after undergoing a long and severe confinement. Our author visited the city while they were immured in the dungeons of the emir, and, but for his disguise in the habit of a dervish, in all probability he would have shared the same fate. "I shuddered," he writes, "when I passed by this nest of tyranny, the place where, perhaps, many who preceded me had been murdered, and where, even at that moment, three wretched Europeans were languishing so far from their country and every possible succour." This jealousy of admitting strangers from Western nations into their territories is as stringent in Central Asia as it was until recently in China and Japan, and, until the strong arm of British or some other power breaks down the barrier, will continue to be so to the scandal of the civilized world. Yet in this city, and many others, there is a book bazaar, and the houses of the booksellers are filled with rare treasures of manuscript lore; printed books are scarce "which would be of incalculable value to our Oriental historians and philologists. Their acquisition was, in my case," M. Vambéry remarks, "out of the question; for, in the first place, I had not the adequate means; and, in the second, any appearance of worldly knowledge would have prejudiced my disguise. The few manuscripts I brought back with me from Bokhara and Samarcand cost me much trouble to acquire, and my heart bled when I found that I was obliged to leave behind me works that might have filled many an important history in our Oriental studies."

This last-named city was the *Ultima Thule* of our author's journey, and he looked upon his visit to Samarcand with unusual interest, as the regal residence of the renowned Timour the Tartar. Every one in the least acquainted with the history of the far East must have heard or read something concerning that great personage and his wonderful deeds. There is no doubt that in his day Samarcand was a splendid city, and his court magnificent in the "gorgeous trappings of barbaric pearl and gold." Whether these old accounts are to be relied on (of which we have great doubts, considering the duplicity and false-tongued habits of modern Orientals), or considered as exaggerations, no one can tell, but the Samarcand of the present day is a wretched semblance of a great city, according to M. Vambéry's account. As the caravan approached it (now reduced to two carts), he was pleased with its external aspect, where the mosques and minarets rose picturesquely from amongst closely-planted gardens and trees. "But, alas! why need I add that the impression produced by its exterior was weakened as we approached, and entirely dissipated by our entry into the place itself? Bitter, indeed, the disappointment in the case of a city like Samarcand, so difficult of access, and a knowledge of which has to be so dearly acquired. When we drove in through the Dervaze Bokhara (a gateway), and had to pass through the greater part of the cemetery to reach the inhabited part of the town, I thought of the Persian verse—

Samarcand is the focus of the globe.

In spite of all my enthusiasm, I burst into a loud fit of laughter." Our traveller, however, suppressed his feelings of contempt for the city during an interview he had with the emir, who questioned him closely where he came from, having suspicions that he was a European. "Hadji," said the emir, "thou comest, I hear, from Roum (Turkey) to visit the tombs of Baha-ed-din and the saints of Turkestan." "Yes, takshir (sire), but also to quicken myself by the contemplation of thy sacred beauty." "Strange! and thou hadst, then, no other motive in coming hither from so distant a land?" "No, takshir, it had always been my warmest desire to behold the noble Bokhara and the enchanting Samarcand, and I have long been moving about everywhere as a world pilgrim." "What, thou, with thy lame foot?" "Sire, thy glorious ancestor had the same infirmity, and he was conqueror of the world." This bit of deception and flattery succeeded; and, instead of being thrown into a dungeon, he was sent away with a new suit of clothes and a purse of money.

This kind treatment was the result of policy, where the emir considered he was rewarding a faithful subject of the Sultan of Turkey, who is regarded as chief of religion, and khalif of the three khanats of Turkestan, Bokhara, and Khokund. Formerly it was the custom for these khans and emirs to receive badges of investiture from the khalif of Bagdad, and the form is gone through by proxy at the present day with the Sultan at Constantinople. The khan of Khiva assumes his rank, by representation in a special embassy, as cup-bearer, the emir of Bokhara as guardian of religion, and the khan of Khokund as high constable. Our author did not visit the last-mentioned khanat, or its chief city of the same name, but he gleaned much information respecting that country and its capital. The latter is situated in a beautiful valley, and is said to be, in circumference, six times as large as Khiva, three times that of Bokhara, and four times the area of Teheran, the capital of Persia. Here is an extensive bazaar for the sale of Russian merchandise, and the native silk and woollen manufactures, besides which tasty articles in leather, saddles, whips, and equipments for riding, made in the capital, enjoy a high repute.

This Russian trade with Central Asia is greater than that with all other foreign countries together. The traffic is chiefly carried on by the caravan routes, whence many wealthy merchants from Khiva, Bokhara, Tashkend, Namangan, and Aksu travel to Nisnei-Novgorod, and even St. Petersburg. It is a trade ever on the increase, and continues without a rival. Every year from five thousand to six thousand camels are employed in the trade. The extraordinary progress which it has made may be judged from the fact that goods are imported into Russia annually of four million roubles value, and that the export trade, which was only £23,620 in 1828, had risen, in 1840, to £65,675. Therefore, if any nation is destined to open up Central Asia, it seems to be Russia; and, though it may encroach in time on British India, the more rapid the progress the better for civilization.

## HINTS ON LEGAL TOPICS.

### XIII.—FARMING AND COUNTRY MATTERS (*continued*).

It has often been said that no one subject has been the source of so much dispute and expensive litigation as that of "water," especially of running water; and this is not to be wondered at when we remember its peculiarity of being in constant motion and change of locality, and its inestimable value, not only as a necessary of

life to men and animals, but as a motive power for machinery and a fertilizing agent in agriculture. It will at once be seen that, whereas air is common to every part of the earth's surface, it is upon the supply of water that its fitness for man's habitation depends; so that the extent of population of a district must be limited, and in no small degree regulated, by its supply of water, and a populous capital would be just as impossible a thing in the middle of Salisbury Plain as in the great desert of Sahara. It is only thus that we can account for the apparent anomaly that the most valuable thing almost in the world should be the cheapest, and that, whilst the amount which in London is paid for the use of water by each individual is very small, the shares of some waterworks and river-companies have risen to an enormous height.

The general principles of law with respect to the ownership of water are simple enough; but often in application they lead to questions of the greatest nicety and importance.

One of the best-known maxims of the law is that which says that the owner of the soil is entitled to everything below him to the centre of the earth, and above him to the sky; and this is true, if it be remembered that this right of property is capable of great subdivision, and that one man may be owner of the land, another of the minerals beneath the land, and so forth. From this rule it follows that every owner of land is entitled to the water on his land, and that the ownership of water depends upon that of the land underneath. When a river or pond divides the properties of two persons, each is entitled to the bed of the river or pond to the middle of the stream or the diameter of the pond; or if there be an island in the river, then to the middle line of the island. But there is another important maxim of law, that you must not use your own property so as to injure your neighbour's. Thus you may not foul a stream, or burn weeds so carelessly as to set fire to the standing crop in the adjoining field.

There was an instance in which two cottages in Shropshire belonging to a Mr. Vaughan were situated close to the extremity of his land, and the next neighbouring owner was a Mr. Menlove, who had some wooden buildings covered with thatch near the cottages, and a hayrick. The hayrick caught fire and set light to the wooden buildings, by which means Mr. Vaughan's cottages were ignited and burnt down. It appeared that Menlove was warned of the dangerous condition of the rick for several weeks, and that, upon being advised to take it down to avoid danger, he said he would "chance" it. He further made a chimney in the rick to air it, but in spite of, or perhaps in consequence of this precaution, the rick broke out into flames. The judge told the jury that the question for them to consider was whether Menlove had been guilty of gross negligence, or, in other words, had not acted with the caution which a prudent man would have exercised under the circumstances; and they found for Mr. Vaughan. On motion for a new trial, it was contended that Menlove had a right to do what he pleased with his own, and that the fire was an accident. But the Court held that the learned judge was right in telling the jury that they must take negligence into account, because no man has a right to use his own property so carelessly as to injure his neighbour.

With respect to water flowing in a natural channel, the ancient maxim is that it is the common property of all; and this is correct, in the sense that everybody has a right to take from a river what he pleases for his own use at any spot where he has access to it. But in

past years, unfortunately, this right was thought to be capable of a further extension, and it was maintained that the first person who diverted the flow, and appropriated part of the stream to his own use, was entitled to enjoy it, although he might thereby diminish the water in the river for the use of persons lower down. This is now settled to be an erroneous view.

Some forty years ago a Mr. Wright, being in possession of land adjoining the river Goyt, in Cheshire, erected a weir on the river to divert the stream into his land, with a view of erecting a mill to be worked by the flow of water. He also made a sluice and two reservoirs to ensure a constant supply. Afterwards he agreed to sell to a Mr. Howard, who wished to erect a cotton manufactory, not only the weir, sluice, and reservoirs, but also the right to turn the water back through a piece of Mr. Wright's land into the river Mersey, below the junction of the Goyt with that river, by which means a fall of twenty-three feet would be obtained. But between the weir and the point where it was proposed to return the water to the Mersey there were three proprietors—the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Arden, and Mr. Tatton. These owners objected to allow the water to be diverted, and Mr. Howard, finding that he could not get the fall of water he wanted for his manufactory, refused to complete the purchase. It was argued that he had no right to say he could not get the fall of water, because the Duke of Norfolk and the other owners could not prevent his doing so. The Vice-Chancellor, Sir John Leach, in giving judgment on the case, said that, "*primâ facie*, the proprietor of each bank of a stream is the proprietor of half the land covered by the stream, but there is no property in the water. Every proprietor has an equal right to use the water which flows in the stream, and consequently no proprietor can have the right to use the water to the prejudice of any other proprietor. Without the consent of the other proprietors, who may be affected by his operations, no proprietor can either diminish the quantity of water which would otherwise descend to the proprietors below, nor throw the water back upon the proprietors above. Every proprietor who claims a right either to throw the water back above, or to diminish the quantity of water which is to descend below, must, in order to maintain his claim, either prove an actual grant or license from the proprietors affected by his operations, or must prove an uninterrupted enjoyment of twenty years."

A similar decision was come to in a Newcastle case in the year 1833. Lord Denman said that if the owner of land applies the stream that runs through it to the use of a mill newly erected, or other purposes, and another person diverts or obstructs the stream, this owner may recover for the injury done to the mill. But the owner of land is not at liberty to take away one of the natural advantages of the stream, and deprive the owner of the land below of the benefit of it, merely by anticipating him in its application to a useful purpose.

These principles having been settled as to running water, a new question arose in the year 1854, in a case which, after much argument, is now the leading authority on this part of the subject.

Mr. Chasemore was the occupier of a mill of ancient date on the river Wandle, called Wandle Mill, situated about a mile from Croydon; and he and his predecessors had, for sixty years and upwards, enjoyed the uninterrupted use of the flow of the river for working the mill. The river above the mill was the outfall of a district of many thousand acres of land. In 1851 the local Board of Health for the town of Croydon, in carrying out sanitary objects under their Act,

sunk a large well, seventy-four feet deep, in their own land, within the above district. They also erected pumps and steam-engines, and drew water from this well, at the rate of 500,000 and 600,000 gallons a day, for the supply of the town of Croydon. The peculiarity of the case was that the greater part of this water was water which had percolated through the soil underground, and had been drained into the well. Mr. Chasemore complained of the diminution thus caused in the flow of the river; and the case was most elaborately argued in the Court of Exchequer, the Exchequer Chamber, and the House of Lords. Lord Wensleydale thought that no question that had occurred in his time was so worthy of a close examination; and although that noble and learned lord (agreeing in opinion with Mr. Justice Coleridge) could not fully approve the final decision of the House, the Court of Final Appeal, in July 1859, decided that the Board of Health were entitled to sink the well in their own land, and were not answerable or liable to a mill-owner on the stream for having by this means cut off subterranean supplies of water which did not flow in any defined channel, but filtered through the soil in all directions.

At the same time it is equally clear that if a man, by sinking a well, drains his neighbour's well dry, he is answerable for the damage thus done to existing property.

The rights of a proprietor, on the bank of a natural or artificial stream, to divert water for the purposes of irrigation rest upon the same principle, that in using your own property you are not to injure your neighbour's; i.e., not sensibly to diminish the stream; and for most of these questions an artificial stream is in the same position as a natural one.

The case of mere surface-water is altogether different. An owner may always drain his own land for agricultural purposes. There was a case in which a man had a plot of land that was wet and spongy, but in time of drought almost dry; and in rainy seasons the water flowed away in a channel, cut for the purpose, to the owner's house, and, after leaving his house, again flowed over his land in no regular channel, and so was in a great measure absorbed. What remained, however (and, except in very dry seasons, there was always some water that did remain), was collected in a channel which ran into the reservoir of a neighbour. This had gone on for twenty years; but the Court held that the neighbour had no right to insist upon this surface-water being preserved, any more than he would have had to claim the rain-water which might fall upon the first owner's land. The owner might drain away all the one, and collect and use all the other, if he thought proper.

As to the sea, the law is perfectly settled that the soil at the bottom belongs to the Crown, as also the land beneath all estuaries, navigable and tidal rivers. The boundary-line of the property of the Crown is of course a matter of the greatest importance, and the rules which determine it have not been settled without great deliberation and discussion.

The Crown is by law entitled to everything between high and low water mark, and, of course, beyond; but the question is, what is high-water mark, considering that the tide varies in height from day to day? It was long ago decided that all exceptional high tides, arising from gales of wind, etc., must be excluded from the calculation; and it was said that the boundary of the Crown must be decided by the height of *ordinary* high tides only. But what are *ordinary* high tides? Does the expression mean that equinoctial high tides are to be excluded from the computation, and only interme-

diate spring tides (which are highest) and neap tides (when the high tides are lowest) taken into calculation, or that all spring and neap tides are to be rejected altogether?

The way in which the question has been settled is this: each lunar month, computed from one spring tide to another, is divided into four portions, and the medium high tide of each portion is taken; and then the yearly average of all these weekly medium heights gives the required height, a line level with which, traced along the coast, is the boundary of the possessions of the Crown.

In many instances the coast between high and low water mark is found to be in the hands of private owners; but this can only be through grant from the Crown, or by prescription. Not unfrequently it is in the hands of the lord of a manor, who, in such a case, is entitled to prevent strangers from fishing, bathing, or otherwise trespassing upon it. This is often found to be a very obnoxious right, and one very difficult to enforce.

Trespass, in common parlance, signifies the unlawful entry upon another man's land or property, or, as the lawyers designate it, "breaking his close;" but in legal language the word has a much wider signification. It signifies any transgression or offence against the laws of society or of the land we live in, whether relating to a man's property or his person. It is somewhat opposed to ordinary language, for example, to speak of the beating of another person as a trespass, or of the making off with an old woman's cow as an act of trespass. Such, however, it is in the eye of the law; and in a case where a woman had commissioned her brother to buy her a cow, and a fortnight afterwards he bought her one, but as it was being driven home, and before she assented to the purchase, it was taken away by another person, it was held by Lord Denman that the woman had such a property in the animal as would entitle her to bring an action of trespass, because she had showed her resolution of adhering to the bargain by bringing the action.

A great deal of doubt seems to have prevailed in past years as to the right of gleaning, or "*lesing*,"\* as it is sometimes called, in wheat and barley fields, after the crops have been reaped and carried away. In the year 1788 a farmer named Steel brought an action of trespass against a man named Houghton and his wife, for entering his field and taking away corn and barley in the straw, done by the wife. After argument before the Court of Common Pleas, it was speedily found that no legal right of gleaning could be maintained on behalf of poor and indigent persons *in general*; and that, if it existed at all, it must be in favour of the poor who were *settled in the parish*. And it was not denied that in some parishes, and upon some particular lands, such a right might exist *by custom*. But, in the absence of a clear, well-established, uninterrupted custom, the Court laid it down that *no person has a right to glean in the harvest-field*, whatever liberty to do so may be afforded from time to time by charitably disposed persons. Mr. Justice Gould, however, differed from the rest of the Court; and he cited some ancient authorities which seemed to show that this "*humane provision*" was borrowed from the Mosaic law, as laid down in *Leviticus* and *Deuteronomy*. But to this it was answered, that the law of Moses is not obligatory upon us, and that every institution of that law was not commanded to be enforced even by the Hebrew judges, but many were left to the consciences of men. Besides, the Mosaic

\* From the German *lesen*, to glean, or gather.



right of gleaning was given to the "stranger," as well as to the "fatherless and poor;" and to permit by law strangers to enter a farmer's fields in this country would plainly be impracticable.

Doves were in ancient days a very important article of property, as may be seen by the immense dove-cotes which are sometimes to be seen in the precincts of old manor-houses. Indeed, it was formerly said that doves in a dove-cote, like deer in a park and conies in a warren, passed to the heir with the inheritance. Doves or pigeons may now be the subject of larceny, like fowls or any other domestic animals.

The law of England has, or at least had in old days, some curious things to say about swans. In the first place, the swan is a royal fowl, just as whales and sturgeons are royal fish; so that all white swans, not marked, having gained their natural liberty, and being found in an open and common river, might be seized to the use of the king. Hence, of necessity, arose the practice of marking swans with particular private notches or nicks on the bill; and hence also the yearly festival of swan-hopping indulged in by the mayor and corporation of London, when they betook themselves up the river to superintend the marking of their young swans. Another doctrine was, that a man might prescribe (*i.e.*, claim by prescription) to have a "game" of swans within his manor, and that he who had such a "game" might prescribe that his swans might swim within another man's manor. A no less singular rule was, that a brood of cygnets belong equally to the owners of the parent birds, and are to be divided between them, Lord Coke's reason for this remarkable doctrine being as follows:—

"And the law thereof is founded on a reason in nature; for the cock swan is an emblem or representative of an affectionate and true husband to his wife above all other fowl; for the cock swan holdeth himself to one female only, and for this cause nature hath conferred on him a gift beyond all others—that is, to die so joyfully that he sings sweetly when he dies; upon which the poet saith—

*'Dulcia defecta modulatur carmina lingua,  
Cantator cygnus funeris ipse sui.'*

and therefore this case of the swan doth differ from the case of kine, or other brute beasts."

Still more extraordinary, however, is the following statement, made by the same high authority:—"And it hath been said, of old time, that he who steals a swan in an open and common river, lawfully marked, the same swan (if it may be), or another swan, should be hung in a house by the beak, and he who stole it shall, in recompence thereof, be obliged to give the owner so much wheat that may cover all the swan, by putting and turning the wheat on the head of the swan until the head of the swan be covered with the wheat."

But the stealing of swans naturally leads to the subject of poaching and the game laws, which is too extensive to be here entered upon.

## FENELON.

### III.

FENELON at once departed from Versailles and proceeded to his diocese. He passed through Paris, where he stayed only twenty-four hours, taking a farewell view of those scenes of his youth where he lived happily before he had attained unsatisfying greatness. The dislike of Louis pursued all his friends, and he ungratefully dismissed them unrewarded from their offices. Before

long he arrived at Cambray. It was a pleasure to be once more among rural scenes. "The country," he writes, "delights me. In the midst of it I find God's holy peace." Nothing can be more pleasing than the description which has come down to us of Fenelon's conduct in his diocese. He was as a father amid his children. He would enter into conversation with the peasants; and, familiarly sitting down on the grass beside them, he would give them kind advice, and, above all things, teach them respecting the Saviour. He would enter into their cottages, and, if they asked him to partake of their simple fare, he would at once seat himself at their table, and cheerfully and thankfully do so. He thus cultivated a personal acquaintance with the poor and their families, and his charities were unceasing and substantial. He was a light sleeper and early riser; his first hours were devoted to prayer and meditation, and his chief amusement consisted in walking and riding. He preached constantly with the utmost faithfulness, in a style simple, eloquent, intelligible, and affectionate.

Various anecdotes are told respecting his great simplicity and benevolence. One of these is as follows:—One afternoon the good archbishop was taking one of his long excursions on foot. He encountered a peasant who seemed lost in sorrow. He inquired into the case, and learned that the poor man had lost his cow. Fenelon talked very kindly to him, and presented him with a sum of money sufficient to buy another cow in its place. The poor man was very grateful to the archbishop, but he nevertheless remained very sad. He was very much attached to his cow, and no other cow could be the same cow to him. They presently parted, and Fenelon continued his walk, and was before long at a great distance from his late companion. It was now late, the sun was set, and darkness coming on, when the archbishop discovered in the gloom a cow which he had no doubt was the very cow lost. There was, perhaps, a moment's struggle between dignity and benevolence. It would be only for a moment. He at once acted the part of a good herdsman. The archbishop laid aside his grandeur, and drove back the cow, through the darkness, all the way to the cottage of the poor man.

In the course of time the great European war that was raging drew near to his own doors. The Netherlands have been justly called the battle-field of Europe; and the city of Cambray, in the north of France, is very near the Netherlands. Large armies encountered each other and dreadful battles took place. Fenelon determined to do all he could to alleviate the immense mass of misery in his neighbourhood. He gave up his own palace, and hired other houses besides, in which he entertained the sick, and the wounded, and the poor who were driven away from their homes by the war coming near them. He made no inquiry into a man's nation or creed: it was enough that he was wounded, or destitute, or infirm. All his means and all his time were thus spent in acts of charity and mercy. He appeared every day among the half-naked, the wounded, and the infectious, teaching them, consoling them, and weeping among them. It is no wonder that he was venerated, not only in the army of his fellow-countrymen the French, but also by the army of the enemy. Our own great commander, the Duke of Marlborough, and Prince Eugene, embraced every opportunity of doing him honour. Amid contending armies Fenelon passed unharmed on his holy and benevolent mission. The English and Austrian commanders told him that he had no need of a French escort, but that they themselves would furnish him with an escort. They sent detachments of men to guard his

meadows and his corn, and caused his grain to be conveyed to Cambray, lest it should be seized by their own foragers. The prisoners, to the end of their lives, preserved the memory of the days in which they were thrown into the society of Fenelon.

For four years no communication passed between Fenelon and his late pupil. The king ordered them not to write to each other, and they were also surrounded by the royal spies. After this time they appear to have corresponded not unfrequently. In 1702 the Duke of Burgundy was placed in command of the army of Flanders, and on that occasion he besought the king that he might be allowed to see Fenelon. Louis consented, but stipulated that the interview should take place in public. They accordingly met at a public dinner at the town-house of Cambray; they were keenly watched, and the utmost etiquette and ceremony were preserved. At last the duke could contain himself no longer; he raised his voice loud that all might hear: "My Lord Archbishop," said he, "I am sensible of what I owe to you, and you know what I owe." They met once more, and letters were frequently interchanged. The duke was most affectionate. "Do you assist me," he writes, "with your advice and prayers: into mine you come every day; but you will easily suppose that I do not pray for you with a very loud voice." Fenelon always uses the language of open and honest-spoken advice. He guards him against the danger that would beset him "in that fierce light which beats against a throne." "Be mild, humane, easy of access, affable, compassionate, and liberal. Let your grandeur never hinder you from condescending to the lowest of your subjects. Suffer yourself not to be beset by insinuating flatterers. Virtue is often modest and retiring: princes have need of her, and therefore ought to seek her out. Place no confidence in any but those who have the courage to contradict you with respect. Make yourself to be loved by the good, feared by the bad, and esteemed by all. Hasten to reform yourself, that you may labour with success in the reformation of others."

So year after year passed by. The death of the dauphin advanced the Duke of Burgundy to the rank nearest the throne. Before long, in the course of nature, he would be king of France. He excited the highest hopes of the nation, and was everything that Fenelon's fond heart could desire him to be. It was soon perceived by adroit courtiers that in the new reign the influence of Fenelon would be very great. They all perceived the necessity of passing through Cambray, and of paying their respects to its worthy archbishop. Nevertheless, the bright hopes that clustered round the Duke of Burgundy were doomed to wither away. In 1712 he died.

Fenelon survived him only two years. He died at the post of duty and honour. Returning home from discharging some religious duties, his coach was overturned. No particular injury was done, but the shock was too violent for his enfeebled frame. Fever supervened, and his end visibly drew nigh. He wrote a dying letter to the king of France, which even that selfish monarch could not peruse without emotion, declaring that he had never read anything so affecting. At the age of sixty-five Fenelon died. He left behind him neither property nor debts. His last recorded words were, "Thy will be done!"

It remains that we should add a few words respecting the fate of Madame Guyon. She was removed from the prison of Vincennes to that of Vaurigard, and afterwards to that den of cruelty and infamy, the Bastille. There she continued for four years. She was obliged to

take an oath that she would not reveal anything that passed there. At the end of that time she was released, broken down by sufferings. Although released from prison, she was banished to Blois, a city on the Loire, a hundred miles from Paris. Here, in 1717, she died, at the age of sixty-nine. A short time before her death she wrote her will, in which are contained these words, with which we may fitly conclude, trusting that a like blessed hope may be to all those who read these pages:—"Thou knowest that there is nothing in heaven or on earth that I desire but thee alone. Within thy hands, oh God, I leave my soul, not relying for my salvation on any good that is in me, but solely on thy mercies, and the merits and sufferings of my Lord Jesus Christ."

#### THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

"The moral character of a regiment," says Sir Henry Lawrence, "be it good or bad, fairly reflects the amount of interest taken by the officers in the well-being of their men. The soldier wanders out of garrison or cantonments, and commits excesses abroad, because he has no inducement to remain within the precincts of the barrack-square. He goes abroad in search of amusement, and he finds not amusement but excitement, leading him on to ruin. This would not happen if regimental officers did their duty to their men. It is not merely the duty of an officer to attend parade, to manoeuvre a company or regiment, to mount guard, to sanction promotions, to see the pay issued, to sign monthly returns, and to wear a coat with a standing collar. The officer has higher duties to perform: a duty to his sovereign, a duty to his neighbours, a duty to his God, not to be discharged by the simple observance of these military formalities. He stands in *loco parentis*—he is the father of his men. His treatment of them should be such as to call for their reverence and affection, and incite in them a strong feeling of shame on being detected by him in the commission of unworthy actions. It is his duty to study their characters, to interest himself in their pursuits, to enhance their comforts, to assist and encourage with counsel and praise every good effort, to extend his sympathy to them in distress, to console them in affliction, to show by every means in his power that, though exiles from home, and aliens from their kindred, they have yet a friend upon earth who will not desert them. These are the duties of an officer; and duties too which cannot be performed without an abundant recompense. There are many idle, good-hearted, do-nothing officers who find the day too long, complain of the country and climate, and perhaps, in time, sink into hypochondriasis, but who would, if they were to follow the advice thus tendered, not arrogantly, but affectionately, find that they had discovered a new pleasure, that a glory had sprung up in a shady place. Some may smile, some may sneer, some may acknowledge the truth dimly, and forget it: to all we have one answer to give, couched in two very short words—*try it*. We need scarcely enter into minute details to show the manner in which this is to be done. Every officer knows, if he will know, how it is to be done. The youth of a month's standing, endowed with ordinary powers of observation, must perceive that there are fifty ways open to his seniors by which they may advance the well-being and happiness of the inmates of the barracks. Let them see, think, and act as men endowed with faculties and understandings."

Of the British soldier Sir W. Napier writes:—"The whole world cannot produce a nobler specimen of military bearing, nor is the *mind* unworthy of the outward man . . . . It has been asserted that his undeniable firmness in battle is the result of a phlegmatic constitution uninspired by moral feeling. Never was a more stupid calumny uttered! Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some beams of glory; but the British soldier conquered under the cold shade of aristocracy. No honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to his applauding countrymen; his life of danger and hardship was unchequered by hope, his death unnoticed. Did his heart sink therefore? Did he not endure with surpassing fortitude the sorest ills, sustain the most terrible assaults in battle unmoved, overthrow with incredible energy every opponent, and at all times prove that, while no physical military qualification was wanting, the fount of honour was also full and fresh within him."